

## Daisy May At Narragansett Pier.

Breezy Chitchat  
Of a Breezy Writer  
From a Breezy Place.

MY DEAR DOROTHY—August is the gayest month of the year at all Atlantic sea towns—Narragansett being notably in the lead. During these sultry days more pretty things appear than for the three preceding months. Those who went to the London season are once more on their native heath with trunks full of the "latest." From my Casino perch yesterday I studied the odd bathing suits on view and wondered if I were not transplanted and Narragansett wasn't in reality Trouville, where dash, dash, water garb is part and parcel of the attractive French resort.

First of all, I observed a curiously clad girl, who evidently had effected a doubtful compromise between modesty and inclination. She wore pants of brown flannel, bound in a braid, over which fell a peasant blouse reaching half way between knee and hip, displaying a lot yet concealing much. It was square cut at the neck, with baby sleeves and a vest of plain cloth which puffed slightly. Around her waist was a knotted scarf. Her companion, and likely sister, wore an equally striking costume, varying slightly as to details. I concluded that she was a bicycle enthusiast, as she made a concession by substituting bloomers for the grotesque pantafoles.

"It is to laugh," I assure you, when you make a study of fashions, and these nomads who collect freaky clothing are objects both to stare and amuse. There were two other beauties, and if not too late in the season, do copy one of them. There were sailor suggestions in the picturesque costume worn by a girl who seemed on speaking terms with every good looking fellow who came her way. Needless to say, she avoided the water. Both clothes and wearer were stunning. The suit was of cardinal serge with black trimmings. Her chin was not an ambitious swimmer, but was quite content to stroll about the beach chatting with members of the friendly groups which dotted the shore. I can hear you exclaim with fervor, chic! when you glance at the accompanying sketch; and indeed it is. I have never seen so smart for an age. It surpasses any of Mrs. Jack Astor's half dozen bathing gowns, which heretofore have been my standard of comparison. The blond girl chose her colors wisely—periwinkle blue and white. Girdle and skirt cut in one have always been greatly admired by me, and the tiny silk cord lacing furnish a new idea if one wanted to repeat the design in a long skirt. The polka dot gumpie, stockings and head kerchief were the most captivating accessories possible. I almost grew envious, and with wish with all my heart for good legs, a fine back and graceful arms. No ball dress I ever chanced to see was quite so alluring as this gem of a surf suit.

I was divided between two opinions when madame showed me a tiny silk muff some weeks ago and couldn't make up my mind whether or not to advocate summer muffs as an accompaniment to the light neck dress so much in vogue. I am fully persuaded now that there is nothing in the way of small belongings which lends greater distinction to an ordinary outfit than the aforesaid silken muff. There are man champions of the style here, and each one I see is an argument in favor of muff adoption. It is sometimes carried with a feather boa, and in that case silk is simply the foundation which supports a group of tips or a cluster of hydrangea blooms when the boa is of that peculiarly fascinating opalescent shade. Elderly women are wearing chiffon and mousseline de sole ruches and collarettes, with which they carry a muf of light diaphanous material. A charming young girl called the other day in a spotted fawn blouse, with a muf to match. I think one might construe this as an autumn prediction which will find fulfillment when the strollers get back to town.

This year I notice that the shirt waist has been treated more like a well bred article of dress than a mere intruder tolerated on account of comfort. Here I see the yokeless shirt waist outcropping and remembers the original Spencer waist, being slightly fluted in front and almost perfectly plain at the back, fastening with buttons instead of studs.

The pilot brought back a brief note from dear Aunt Hetty, who was yielding unresistingly to the qualms of seasickness, but inclosed the information you desired concerning the author of "Thelma." She writes:

"Marie Correll" is the pen name of Miss Mary Mackey, the daughter of the late Charles Mackey, LL. D., a prose writer and a poet. Her books are widely read. Many consider her "Romance of Two Worlds" her best and strongest work. It is her own favorite, and was the first of her writings to be published. She said of it: "I had no expectation that it would meet with any special at-

tention. I wrote it simply because I felt the force of the suggestions I sought to convey in its pages." Its success assured a welcome for her following works: "Wormwood," "Ardath," "Vendetta," etc. Miss Mackey is a tiny woman with petite features, suggesting sweetness rather than strength. She is really about 40 years old, but looks much younger, and to see her in one of her favorite simple dresses of light blue or pure white one would suppose her to be still in the twenties and would find it difficult to realize that she was the author of many powerful novels.

I know Aunt Hetty's letter will teem with foreign information regarding dress, which I shall be happy to transmit to you. She is a keen observer and



ON THE BEACH AT NARRAGANSETT.

a woman of excellent taste, an estimate in which I'm sure you will concur.

The best ball I've attended was given by Amy's aunt. It was the swiftest function of the season. The fashion for wearing flowers in the hair was much seen, but no one displayed it more prettily than the debutante, Amy, with her wreath of three pure white roses and the rest green leaves on her fair hair. Rather classical features are needed to suit the wreath. The Gelscha bouquets in purple flowers were becoming to another girl, and I noticed a cluster of pink roses worn very low down on the shoulders of a slender woman, looking very old world and sweet. Sometimes a tiara of diamonds, especially a short one, mingles gracefully with flowers, clasping a wreath set on at the back of the coiffure, or a high crown with flowers lying flat in front of it.

There's a fresh faced English woman at the Inn who is better batted than the majority. She wears those supple crimoline straws in biscuit color with a tiny thread of color woven in. Nothing is more amenable to the formation of those delicious curves, which a well modeled hat should take. Usually the brim is lifted rather to the left of the front and beneath cluster flowers—big poppies for choice just now—while above alights of oats mingle with the ray blooms of the country. These remind us of fields and whisper that the season is at its close, wherefore even the hydrangea withdraws into well intentioned seclusion. It is a blossom of

what a wonderfully rich looking lace that is. The whole overskirt was of guipure, most beautifully shaped and edged in waves with a fringe of scintillating jet fringe which fell over killed fountains of black point d'esprit net on which a founce of Maltese guipure was placed. To obviate the possibility of a too flat effect at the back, which would not be becoming to a lady of a certain age, a founce of the guipure fell in a graceful jabot from waist to hem. So much impressed was I that I endeavored to learn the name of the dressmaker, who really appeared to trouble about the requirements of elderly women. But she guarded her secret, giving an excuse that she didn't care to see a replica of her pet gown, as such an experience always upset her feminine equanimity. I admired her honesty, but regretted her conviction.

Of course you received my telegram and letter following which explained my inability to come down Wednesday as expected. Aunt Hetty made up her mind so suddenly to sail that there was little time for anything but getting her ready to start. The date you've set answers every purpose, and I understand, dear, that the house party was planned for and the number complete. It's always right not to interfere with your husband's arrangements, and especially it is true in behalf of your own family. Brothers-in-law are peculiar people, but give mine love and keep a lion's share for yourself. Affectionately, DAISY MAY.

Narragansett Pier, R. I.

## Famous Collection of Orchids Owned by a Woman.

MRS. GEORGE B. WILSON of Philadelphia, who owns the largest collection of orchids in the country, and whose conservatories are the Mecca of the horticulturists of two continents, has recently lost a number of her choice specimens through the jealousy of rival collectors.

In spite of the elaborate precautions to guard her irreplaceable plants, two orchid bulbs from Mexico of an absolutely unique species which cannot be duplicated have been stolen. There can be no absolute money value put upon them, but they could not have been bought for \$5,000.

This theft redoubled the care taken to watch the visitors from all parts of the world who travel to Philadelphia simply to view this collection. Yet recently a still stranger thing happened. On that occasion Mrs. Wilson had visited the conservatory as usual, and her orchid

pear," said the gardener as he watered the beautiful plant. That afternoon two men came into the greenhouse and spent an unusually long time among the flowers. One of the assistant gardeners was with them a short time and he says the men talked like experts. Saturday night the head gardener came into the house and told Mrs. Wilson that something was the matter with the plant she had seen. It was drooping and sickly. Everything was done to save it, but on Sunday it shriveled up and died. Three thousand dollars was a conservative price an orchid collector would have put upon the plant.

The leaves of the dead plant were sent to Thomas M. Newbold, a chemist, who found that on the base of the leaves there was a strong preparation of some alkali, probably chloride of potash. Mrs. Wilson is sure that this is the work of some jealous collector or agent of a collector from another city. "They were not after that Laelia, I am sure," she said, "but another of almost the same appearance, of which I have the only specimen in existence and which nothing could buy. It was exhibited at Horticultural hall, and the plant acquired considerable notoriety at that time. Some collector, plagued at not being able to acquire a specimen, has tried to ruin it. It was spite work caused by jealousy, I am sure. Many orchid collectors have had the same experience."

She has had new locks put on all the conservatory doors since. No visitor is let out of sight of the gardeners, and the names of those who come to see the collection are carefully taken, with the time of their visit.

For the past ten years this gorgeous orchid flower has been Mrs. Wilson's hobby. Always an admirer of orchids, about 1894 she decided to go into orchid culture, and began a study of this millionaire's emblem, sending all over the world for specimens of its myriad varieties. Europe, Asia, North and South America and the Isles of the sea were explored, each for its particular production. At important orchid centers agencies for Mrs. Wilson were established which from time to time have furnished her with rare and valuable plants, together with information regarding their cultivation.

In this way more than 10,000 orchids have been brought together at the Wilson mansion in Philadelphia.

In its line this assemblage is one of the most famous and most extensive in existence. A few years ago the collection, as it then stood, was greatly improved by the addition of that belonging to the Erastus Corning estate of Albany, which it had taken 40 years to gather.

That a mere plant with a not particularly attractive blossom should command thousands of dollars in speculation, as it then stood, was greatly improved by the addition of that belonging to the Erastus Corning estate of Albany, which it had taken 40 years to gather.

She has made a scholarly study of the flower, and believes in putting the knowledge she has acquired into practical application. When at home, everything is under her own personal supervision.

COUNCIL'S LADY CHAIRMAN.

Lady Roberts-Austen, the wife of Sir William Roberts-Austen, chemist and assayer at the Royal British mint, has been appointed chairman of the Womans' parish council for the ensuing year. This is said to be the first time a woman has been elected to a similar position in the country. Womersley is a Surrey village, near Guilford, and Lady Roberts-Austen has manifested a keen interest in its welfare, particularly respecting sanitary matters. She is also a representative of Womersley on the Hambleton rural district council.

## WASHING THE FACE IN SUMMER.

IN THE summer soap is an important question because we are for the sake of personal comfort compelled to make more frequent use of it than we do in the winter, when there is no dust or perspiration to cause us misery, and no goading or rowing or driving or tennis to make us untidy. The soap we use is of grave importance always, but especially so then. Those who know anything about the manufacture of toilet soap are aware that the natural color of pure soap is white. When it is of any other shade, it is because coloring matter has been added to it. Most of the perfumed toilet soaps are especially injurious to the skin, dangerous oils being frequently used in giving them their scent. The effects of the oil are very bad on the skin. There are scores of medicated soaps on the market recommended to cure the skin of all imperfections and transform the user into a being of radiant beauty. These are all secret preparations which when analyzed are nearly always found to be composed of caustic soda soaps cleverly perfumed, medicated and furnished with handsome wrappers. Such soaps should be carefully avoided. The best soap I have found in years of experience is a pure, first class, imported Spanish olive oil soap.

Soap and water used alone on the face will in time make it dry and yellow, and my experience and experiments have taught me that even with a pure soap a good cold cream is needed afterward. The woman who values her complexion will try to get distilled water. Pure rain water will serve the purpose, for it contains none of the mineral matter that ordinary water takes up from the soil and which is bad for the skin. On the face no more water should be applied than can be taken up on a Turkish toweling washcloth, upon which

some of the olive oil soap has been rubbed. Water of the same temperature as the body is best. Before washing the face a good face cream should have been rubbed into the pores. If these precautions are observed, the face when washed during the summer will look fresh and clean and the skin will feel soft and much refreshed.

All mechanical appliances such as massage rollers and face scrubbing or complexion brushes should be shunned, as they are too irritating and have the effect of overstimulating and relaxing the muscles, thereby producing the much dreaded flabbiness which is now so frequently seen.

Some of the olive oil soap has been rubbed. Water of the same temperature as the body is best. Before washing the face a good face cream should have been rubbed into the pores. If these precautions are observed, the face when washed during the summer will look fresh and clean and the skin will feel soft and much refreshed.

All mechanical appliances such as massage rollers and face scrubbing or complexion brushes should be shunned, as they are too irritating and have the effect of overstimulating and relaxing the muscles, thereby producing the much dreaded flabbiness which is now so frequently seen.

New York.

## THE PATCH BESIDE HER CHIN.

To show the satin whiteness of  
Her apple blossom skin.  
Rosina wears a tiny patch  
Beside her pretty chin.

With sly intent she places it  
Where sweetly out and in  
A roguish little dimple plays  
Beside her rosy chin.

It nestles close beside her cheek,  
Just where the smiles begin;  
I would I were that happy patch  
Beside Rosina's chin!

Ellis Graves Moore.

sign at the cost of thousands of dollars. Upon entering the main conservatory, in the center of which is a grove of the palms, the East Indian house is found to the left. Passing from this house, the next is that of cypripediums, containing over 500 specimens.

Beyond is the Mexican house, which is literally a mass of bloom. Many of the plants carry from two to six spikes of brilliantly colored blossoms. Conspicuous among them is the rare Laelia dawsoni, bearing several flowers of a most exquisite type. Another prominent one is the Laelia anceps alba, measuring over four feet square.

The Cattleya house has a fine showing of blossoms and provides a distinctive charm in its superb specimens. Taken in its entirety, the collection fills seven houses, and it is conceded to be one of the most valuable in America. Many of the smaller plants cost from \$300 to \$500 each, and others of the unique varieties would fetch thousands even at forced sale.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Mrs. Wilson's collection is the assemblage of varieties that come from the Philippine Islands. The Spaniards made the collectors pay a license for hunting orchids there, but despite that method of coaxing duets from American pockets many unique plants came from the group. Under the new regime, when Aguinaldo and his followers have ceased to struggle, the influx of plants from Uncle Sam's new domain will without doubt be greatly increased.

Mrs. Wilson is now in Mexico, directly overseeing the work of her agents there who are searching for Mexican orchid wonders. Her superintendence is not a sinecure, nor is it the work of an amateur. The owner of this giant orchid collection is fully conversant with the habits of her pet plant and of the laws which govern them.

She has made a scholarly study of the flower, and believes in putting the knowledge she has acquired into practical application. When at home, everything is under her own personal supervision.

COUNCIL'S LADY CHAIRMAN.

Lady Roberts-Austen, the wife of Sir William Roberts-Austen, chemist and assayer at the Royal British mint, has been appointed chairman of the Womans' parish council for the ensuing year. This is said to be the first time a woman has been elected to a similar position in the country. Womersley is a Surrey village, near Guilford, and Lady Roberts-Austen has manifested a keen interest in its welfare, particularly respecting sanitary matters. She is also a representative of Womersley on the Hambleton rural district council.

## A WORTHY FRAILTY.

"It is delightful to be imbued with a tiny bit of vanity," said a little woman trying her veil before the glass.

"That's a most unorthodox sentiment, madam," laughed her companion.

"Do you think so?" said the little woman, putting on her gloves meditatively. "I am not so sure of that. I know that I should not be able to face the people I must see today or accomplish the mission I have in hand if I were not conscious that my toque was pretty, my dress and gloves dainty and well fitting and all the other little details of my get up impeccable. As it is, I know I look nice and that people like to see me. So I can please them and get what I want. Is that vanity? Perhaps there is some other name for it. 'It sounds very like vanity,' said my companion, 'but perhaps there is some more up to date name for it. When I was young and I looked in the glass and admired the becomingness of my clothes, I was called vain.'"

"There, dear, just button my gloves for me, and I will tell you what I think," replied the little woman. "It may be vanity, and if so I don't care. I shall cultivate it, and, moreover, I shall try to make you do the same. It can't be wrong to try to make oneself look pretty, and I'm sure it is not wrong to know what is pretty. Lots of people only want a little bit of confidence in their own powers to become charming women. It would be a charity to set to work to develop them, and I really believe that it is my special mission to do so. Don't look shocked, for I'm going to begin on you. You know you are not half as handsome as you might be if you made the best of yourself, so I shall take you in hand, and I am sure you will be grateful to me."

Her companion laughed, but when she found how much confidence and attractiveness she gained as a disciple of the good natured exponent of vanity she felt that she had good reason to thank her.

## HOW THE CORSET CAME.

Catherine de' Medici first introduced the corset into France. Her example, however, was not followed by Mary Stuart or Diana Politi, though it was admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was utterly indispensable to the beauty of the female figure. In those days the corset was in its infancy and was fashioned more after the style of a knight's cuirass than anything else.

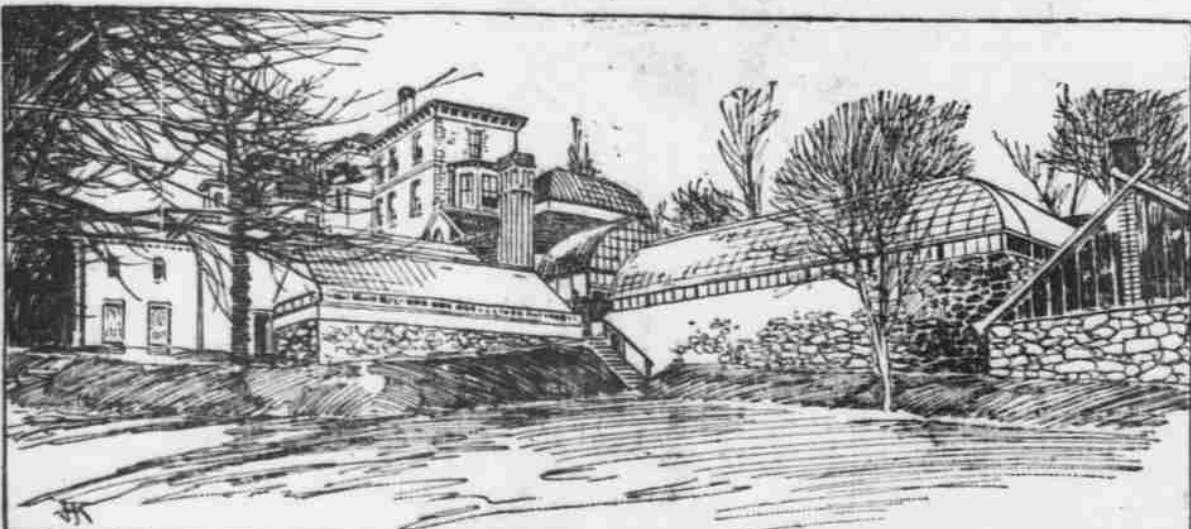
The framework was made entirely of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior only served to hide a frightful and cumbersome article of torture. This state of things, so ruinous to health and personal convenience, could not last long, and the artisans of those days gave much time and thought toward rendering the metal more light and pliable.

The corset found great favor in the eyes of Louis XIV, but in the following reign it was threatened with entire banishment from the toilet. Fashion took a rural and simple turn, many of the court celebrities being guided by the taste of Boucher, in whose pictures many of them appear as shepherds and shepherdesses. When the painter departed, however, fashion returned once more to the eccentricities and extravagances of former times, and the Revolution, being practically tabooed by the fashionable world, the beauties of the day went in for classic fashions, Roman dress being held in especial esteem.

The empire did away with the classic fashions, but did not take the corset back into favor. High waists were all the vogue, and the more demure a costume the more fashionable it was considered. With the fall of the empire came the fall of the corset, and then, as a matter of course, the return to the corset followed.

## WASH YOUR HANDS.

It has recently been claimed that cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, doorknobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarletina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large. Before eating or touching that which is eaten the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here in particular it is also a matter of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It is a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of good manners.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF MRS. GEORGE B. WILSON'S ORCHID NURSERY.

## Women In All Climes.

The difference between the new woman and the old man was never more clearly exemplified than in the cases of Mrs. Otto Guidice and John R. Martin, both of New York. When Mrs. Guidice went to her club early in the afternoon one day and did not go home until between 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning of the next, she found her husband and other relatives waiting on the corner to receive and welcome her with

tears of joy. When Mr. Martin went to his lodge and failed to return the next morning, Mrs. Martin put an advertisement in the papers to the effect that he never would come back. It is said that a late decision of the court of appeals in Germany, whereby ladies in waiting at the Prussian court are classed as domestic servants, has caused no end of amusement. The "ladies" are invariably members of the

most aristocratic families in the country, and this fact gives a ludicrous side to the decision. Kentucky has a turnpike queen in the person of the handsome Dr. Kate Perry Cain of Covington, who owns and operates the Covington and Independence turnpike, one of the busiest highways in Kentucky. It is rumored that two or three ladies in London, each of whom boasts a statue which would entitle her to join the Life guards, intend to found a club for women, of which the condition of mem-

bership will be that any fair applicant must be quite 6 feet in height. It is believed that there are a sufficient number of women with the requisite qualifications to make this novel institution a success.

Queen Victoria has been quite outdone by the Emperor Francis Joseph in the matter of the bestowal of titles, orders and decorations at a jabber. In three days Austria's ruler gave away 4,000 of these baubles, and for weeks past the only two firms in Vienna which make them have been working day

and night in order to catch up with the demand. The following extract from the advertising columns of a New Zealand paper is rather startling: "Ethel R. Benjamin, barrister and solicitor, Dunedin, has trust money to lend on approved security." New Zealand has always been conspicuous in the woman movement.

An exceptional academic distinction has been conferred on Mrs. Agnes Smith-Lewis of Cambridge, England, by the University of Halle. This lady

has been made a doctor of philosophy and master of the liberal arts honors course by the philosophical faculty of the above named university "in consideration of her being eminent among all women, not only in her own country, but in the whole world, for her learning."

The young Duchess of Marlborough has a strange assortment of pets. At Blenheim she has set up a menagerie, containing two ostriches, several eagles and vultures and an ibis. Not the strangest in the collection is a garter snake, which she purchased on the banks of the Nile while on her honeymoon. It is so tame that when she approaches it crawls toward her. Royalty uses more calling cards than any other class of people. Secretaries are engaged to see that all communications, reports, etc., are acknowledged, for etiquette is one of the duties of royalty. The Prince of Wales uses two sets of cards. He has one for house use, on which is written "Albert Edward," and the other for abroad, on which is his title, "Le Prince de Galles."